A KIND HEARTED DRUGGIST.

Mark Twain Tells About His Experience With a Borrowed Skeletor Mark Twain was present at the banquet of the National Wholesale Druggists' asso-ciation at its meeting in Washington, and

related the following story, given in The

Pharmaceutical Era: About a thousand years ago, approxi mately, I was apprenticed as a printer's devil to learn the trade, in common with three other boys of about my own age There came to the village a long legge individual of about 19, from one of the interior counties; fish-eyed, no expression, and without the suggestion of a couldn't have smiled for a salary. We took him for a fool, and thought we would try to scare him to death. We went to the village druggist and borrowed a skeleton. The skeleton didn't belong to the druggist, but he had imported it for the village doctor, because the doctor thought he would send away for it, having some delicacy about using— The of the skeleton at that time was 850. The price

We borrowed the skeleton about 9 o'clock at night, and we got this man-Nicodemus Dodge was his name-we got him down town, out of the way, and then we put the skeleton in his bed. He lived in a little one storied log cable in the middle of a vacant lot. We left him to get home by himself. We enjoyed the result in the light of anticipation, but by and by we began to drop into silence; the possible consequences were preying upon us. Suppose that it frightens him into madness, over-turns his reason and sends him screeching through the streets? We shall spend sleepless nights the rest of our days. Everybody was afraid. By and by it was to the lips of one of us that we had better go at once and see what had happened. Loaded down with crime we approached that hut and peeped through the window, That long legged critter was sitting on his bed with a hunk of gingerbread in his hand, and between the bites he played a tune on a jew'sharp. There he sat per-fectly happy, and all around him on the bed were toys and jimeracks and striped The darned cuss! he had gone and sold that skeleton for \$5. The druggist's fifty dollar skeleton was gone.

We went in tears to the druggist and explained the matter. We couldn't have raised that \$50 in 250 years. We were getting board and clothing for the first year, cloth ing and board for the second year, and both of them for the third year; but the druggist formave us on the spot, but he said he would like us to let him have our skeletons when we were done with them. There couldn't be anything fairer than that; we spouted our skeletons and went away comfortable. But from that time the druggist's presperity censed. That was one of the most unfortunate speculations he ever went into. After some years one of the boys went and got drowned; that was one skeleton gone, and I tell you the druggist felt pretty badly about it. A few years after another of the boys went up in a balloon. He was to get \$5 an hour for it. When he gets back they will be owing him \$1,000,-600. The druggist's property was decreasing right along. After a few more years the third boy tried an experiment to see if a dynamite charge would go. It went all right. They found some of him, perhaps a vest pecketful; still it was enough to show that some more of that estate had

The druggist was getting along in years, and he commenced to correspond with me. I have been the best correspondent he has. He is the sweetest natured man I ever saw; always mild and polite, and never wants to harry me at all. I get a letter from him every now and then, and he never refers to my form as a skeleton; says, "Well, how is it getting along—is it in good repair?" I got a night rate message from him recently-said he was getting old and the property was depreciating in value, and if I could let him have a part of it now he would give time on the balance. Think of the graceful way in which he does every-thing-the generosity of it all. You canperity and every happiness."

Ignorance in this country of ours," said Assistant Postmaster Gayler recently, speaking of the efforts of the postoffice de-partment to prevent the use of the mails 'green goods" swindlers. "It seems to me that every newspaper in the country to sell counterfeit money, yet the business mature burial is extremely infrequent, if still flourishes. The department at Washington is continually sending us long lists of addresses of 'green goods' men, which are reported to it by postoffice inspectors.

scheme of offering bad money for good, and of not sending the spurious arti-cle when payment has been made, has been carried on since the war at least, to my knowledge. I recollect that twenty-five years ago, when I was a postoffice in-spector, I received a letter from a blind man who had been defrauded by 'green goods' men. The poor fellow had managed to scrape together \$40, and had fallen into a trap. He sent his money in reply to a circular, but of course never received his

The blind man wrote me a most piteous letter, telling me how hard it had been for him to save the \$40, and begging me to see that he received either his money back or the counterfeit bills for which he had paid he didn't care which. As a government official, however, I could not aid him in getting the counterfeit money, which, furthermore, never existed."-New York Trib-

To Speak Correctly.

Where there is a tendency to speak flatly, or, as it is commonly expressed, "through the nose"—a great error, since the difficulty is decidedly a failure to get the tone through the nose-the practice of lip sounds, in which the dramatic thought is lip expression only, will in time do away with all tendency to mumble and confuse sounds. With clearness of speech once established the next efforts must be directed toward volume or power of voice.

Here the aid of a good teacher will be found invaluable in showing the pupil the difference between energy of tone and refined subtlety, the one crude and unpleasing as the uncultured sounds which proreed from savage lips, the other polished, thrilling, pregnant with suggestions of feep and rich emotions of hope, faith, affection, reverence, love of God, of human ity, of liberty, of country, or any other of the thousand and one interests to which a mind may lend itself.-Jenness-Miller Magazine.

They Didn't Like It.

The Chicago papers were the first in this mountry to print a summary of the day's news in a conspicuous column, and they are the first to haul off. It has been found that one reading this summary cares little for the rest of the contents, and in time is inclined to stop reading altogether.-Detrolt Free Press.

Hot Water Cure for Neuralgta. A towel folded several times and dipped in hot water and quickly wrung, and applied over the toothache or neuralgia will generally afford prompt relief. This treatment in colic works like magic. There is nothing that so promptly cuts short a conpostion of the lungs, sore throat or rheuatism as hot water, when applied promptby and thoroughly .- Exchange.

The Ever Present Peril of Pre-

How a New Jersey Man Discounted the Chances of Being Buried Alive-Some Narrow Escapes of Recent Date-A

There is one dread greater than the dread of death, and that is the dread of being buried alive.

George W. Fay, of Hammonton, N. J., who died recently, was haunted by this terrible fear, and compelled his relatives to promise that before they consigned his remains to the grave they would plunge a



STABBED TO THE HEART.

ness he often dreamed of having fallen into a trance and of being buried alive. These dreams formed the motive for his dying injunction.

He stipulated that his body should be kent above ground antil there were distinct signs of decay, and then, in order to make assurance doubly sure, that a dagger provided for the occasion should be plunged into his heart in the presence of witnesses, and there left. This request was carried out after the body had rested in its coffin for two weeks above ground, and when Mr. Fay's remains were consigned to the cemetery the fact of his death had been

proven beyond any possibility of a doubt.

Actuated by a similar fear of premature terment this same practice was observed by the members of a Virginia family noted in the state's political and social history for more than a bentury. While the com monwealth was still a colony, occasion arose for exhuming the body of a member of the family. The indications were to the effect that the unhappy person had been buried alive, and to prevent a recurrence of the catastrophe that and the succeeding generations adopted the plan of stabbing to the heart each deceased relative, whether man, woman or child, the knife being wielded by the head of the house.



SAVED AT THE LAST MOMENT.

Forty years ago the custom was abanthe gracious characteristic of all druggists. horror. A beautiful young girl had been So out of my heart, I wish you all pros- pronounced dead by the attending physicians, and after the preparation of her or burial her father plunged a knife He Wanted the Law to Aid Him to Cheat, into her bosom. . . the touch of the steel ting three balls into his back, but the des-"There must be an immense amount of she sprang up, uttered a scream and fell perado escaped. Mease was shot down by back in reality a corpse. The father committed snicide with the same blade that had caused his daughter's death, and the Kuhus went to an obscure farm house, and family thereafter relinquished the time

honored practice. It has often been asserted by medical men of prominence and repute that pre- in brief, was the last battle of Churubusco not altogether mythical. Yet there are Fort Wayne many authentic instances of cases where Ind., was pronounced dead and arrayed for

the grave. the details of the funeral some sympathiz- rience with criminals for many years, and ing neighbors called at the house and never flinched once. Marshal A. R. Jack viewed the supposed corpse as it lay in the son, of Churubusco, with but a limited ex open coffin. As they gazed upon the features of her they had known and loved they diana soldier, and dropped Mease at the were astounded to see Miss Basheller raise first shot. The "hostiles" did equally well. herself up and look around. Recovering Mease opened the battle in fine style, and



PLEADING FOR HER LIFE.

ferred her from the coffin to a bed and summoned a physician. Restoratives were eu, and after a lingering illness the girl regained her health and, so far as known, is now alive and well.

Her case is similar to that of Mrs. Sorrich, who resides near Steubenville, O. When a schoolgirl, 15 years of age, she married against her parents' wishes, and subsequent annovance and anxiety brought day she fell down in a fainting fit from which she failed to revive. The attending physicians declared her dead, and, to make the matter of her dissolution certain,

opened a vein from which no blood flowed. All save her twin brother were satisfied that she had passed from earth. He insist ed that she was still alive, and day after day refused to allow her interment. At

inst it was resolved to bury her despite his In the struggle to remove him from the room the bandage around the girl's face fell off and her lips were seen to move. She called for water, and on giving this evidence of vitality received proper atten-tion. She, also, at last accounts, is still in the land of the living.

A yet narrower escape from premature interment was that of a resident of York county, Pa. The coffin had been lowered into the grave, and the first shovelful of earth had faller on the lid when the son of the supposed dood man demanded one more look at his father's face, explaining

that something told him he was not dead. His request was complied with, and such signs of life were discovered that the fuheral was stopped and the body carried back to the house. There the process of recovery continued until the man was re-

tored to consciousness. The Ever Present Peril of Premature Interment.

BRIVING A KNIFE TO THE HEART.

DRIVING A KNIFE TO THE HEART.

A horrible case of untimely burial became known some time ago through the confession of a man lying hopelessly ill in a hospital at Copenhagen. He declared that a year before, on a dark and stormy night, he had sought the cemetery to rob the grave of a Danish nobleman's wife, who had been buried during the afternoon with many costly jewels on her person. cleared away the earth and laid the lid of the coffin bare. This he tore off, and began to search among the costly robes for his booty. He found some difficulty in resed a knife, and was terror stricken to see the supposed dead woman rise up. He recovered from his panic sufficiently to aid her to the surface of the ground.

It seems that she had been conscious but poweriess through all the hours while her friends and relatives had mourned her as lost and arranged her body for the tomb. She plead with the grave robber to spare ber life and return her to her home, but the wretch, thinking only of his personal safety, concluded that her continued existence meant his detection and punishment. So he beat her down with his shovel, repiaced her in the coffin, filled up the grave and fled. His horrible confession was substantiated by the exhumation of the mangled corpse.

Such occurrences as those narrated above naturally bring up the question as to in-fallible tests of death. One physician of prominence has declared that decay is the only sure sign, and here is the warning which he recently gave to the public above his own signature: "If any member of your household is

pronounced dead, and no signs of decomposition are visible, cover the body with a sufficient amount of clothing to favor warmth, and then patiently watch and wait, even if it be for six months or a year. Perchance life yet hangs by a feeble thread, and resuscitation may be spontaneous." Catalepsy, transe, suspended animation any of these may simulate the last dread

change which marks the close of life, and if error is to be made it is well that it should be made on the side of delay, for there is always the possibility that a postponed funeral may result in the restoration to friends and family of some one mourned as dead. GEORGE BAVARD,

ALL OF THEM HAD NERVE.

A Desperate Battle Between Officers and Outlaws.

Noble county, Ind., comes to the front with the prize outlaw of the Jesse James type. He is Mervin Kuhus, a man of middie age, whose life for over thirty years, except a short interval in the penitentiary, has been one continuous series of crimes. In Ohio he has been known and sought for as the "Fostoria murderer," as he is charged with having killed his "pal," one Campau, at that place; but Indiana was after him for horse stealing when he made his last fight, wounded two officers badly and got four shots in his own carcass. Adding a shot he got in Ohio he is now well "leaded."

Noble county was, some forty years ago, a place of unfortunate repute. The swampy forests were so infested with horse thieves that at one time they gained political control of the county. The natural western resuit soon followed -an uprising of "regulators" and a promiscuous lynching. The ounty was purified and most of the desperadoes

MERVIN KUHNS.

3,5

fied. Kunns was the last of his set, and was hastening toward his old hiding place with one companion, James Mease, when the posse of officers met them and a terrible battle took place.

fused. Policeman John Kennelly, of Fort Wayne, was shot in the face and fell. Deputy Sheriff Thomas Wilkinson then had a desperate struggle with Kuhns, put A. R. Jackson at the first fire, getting a concealing the fact that he was wounded, asked permission to lie down as he was That night he was captured. Such, -a village some twenty miles north of

The beauty of the battle-the feature people have escaped interment alive only which made it a subject worthy of art-by the merest accident. Not much over a was that not a man showed the white twelvementh ago the young daughter of feather. Policeman Kennelly is one of the Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Basheller, of Elikhart, most popular lads in Fort Wayne, and had his wound proved mortal Kuhns woo have had short shrift. Deputy Sheriff While her father was absent arranging Thomas Wilkinson has had a lively expe perience, stood up to his work like an Infrom their momentary panic they trans- Kuhns fought it to a finish. They are

"gritty rascals."

Kuhus began his criminal career at the age of 10 by setting fire to a school house. At 14 he was sent to the penitentiary for horse stealing, and served two years. He has traveled far and committed many crimes, but insists that he did not kill Campau. He expresses an earnest desire to live, though he is very badly wounded and the chances are against him.

Dosing a Deer with Blue Pills. A good story is told at the expense of an annamed member of the United States enate who recently sought health on a hunting expedition. In one pocket he carried a lot of blue pills provided by his doctor, and in another a lot of buckshot. He carefully loaded his gun, and when he sighted a deer fired both barrels at the game without effect. Subsequent investi-nation disclosed the fact that he had taken as ammunition from the wrong pocket, and that the deer received a double dose of bine mass instead of lead.

Trapson-Never handled a gun, eh? Good gracious! What's your occupation? Spacerly-I write up the hunting and shooting department for a daily paper .-

Week's Sport. His Reason. "Carl, it is not very good of you to say bad things of your friend behind his back."
"Yes, but, father, when I say them to his

face he beats me."-Fliegende Blatter. It was in the dark at the foot of the stair. Where after the dance I traced her, I heard her step and I caught her there

And fondly kissed and embraced her She did not seem to take it amiss, And finding myself in clover, I wasn't content with a single kiss. But I kissed her a dozen times over

And I knew that I was not giving offence To her, for she seemed to like it.

Ah, me! 'twas a blissful experience—
How lucky I was to strike it.'

Then a light appeared and flight I took With my mind on distraction's borders I had caught and been kissing the color

Who was going up stairs for orders.

BUT NOW HE IS OLD AND AN ITIN-ERANT VENDER OF LEMONS.

He Was Bred Among Fighters-He Gave Up the Business When He Married-One Fight That Made His Fortune but Nearly Wrecked His Home-He Tells the Story.

A little man with a face that is seamed by the experience of three score years, but with keen, bright eyes, an erect form and quick, nervous movements that contradict the story of age told in his countenance and he goes in and out of the many places moving a heavy gold ring from the right of resort in the business part of the city forefinger of the corpse. To secure it he offering the fruit. He is known by nearly offering the fruit. He is known by nearly all the crowd in which he mingles, and each one has a kindly word for "Davy." Not many know his story, but all who have seen him often, and he is a familiar figure on the streets of Seattle, recognize him as one who pursues his business quietly and respectably, and deserves fair treatment in return.

Occasionally some quarrelsome individual, relying on his greater size, attempts to impose upon Davy, but before the friends of the lemon peddler have time to interfere the old man shows that he needs no protector. The basket goes down, two ready fists come into position and two eyes that have not begun to fade gleam out dangerously from under the heavy eye

If the piece of impudence was only a silly bluff matters end ima. . iiately, but if the foolish meddler still believes he is safe in stirring up maliciously an inoffensive little old man and continues in his course there is a short, sharp conflict. The old man steps forward quickly, his left straightens itself, and as the bully before him guards off the blow there is another from the right that finds its mark some where about the figurehead of the aggres sor. Another and another comes so quick ly that there is no time for anything but defense, and before he knows it the big ruffian goes down, dizzy and weak. A FIGHTER BY NATURE.

A reporter, by dint of much persuasion, gained the story of the old man from his own lips, and it explained the swift movements so mysterious to the casual spectator of one of his stands for self defense.
"I was been on the 15th of March, 1823,"

said Davy, "an' if it had been two days later I'd have been an Irishman. Ye're right, by gum! From the time I was 11 years old till I was 35 I worked in the nines in Staffordshire, England, for I'm a Tipton man, an' know every bit of the black country.' There's where they have fighters. Why, man, there's boys there who know more of heavy blows in the ring than half the men that are advertised from one end of America to the other as pugilists, an' yet they don't go about talkin' of it. Ye're right, by gum! Fightin' comes as nat'rally as eatin' there. Why, I had my first regular good one when I was only 19, an' it was about three ha'p'worth o' oysters. The officers stopped us, or we heard 'em a-comin' an' run off an' hid ourselves, but I'd lost my front teeth first, an' he had ne marks that I put on him.

Yes, I've had seven fights in the ring for money, an' I never was whipped, but that was years ago, an' I'm no good now, They called me the best man o' my weight in England, an' I was open to anything. I weighed 110 then, when I trained down, feather weight, you know, an' no chance to make a great reputation, but I was in some good ones. Twice I fought over two hours. Backers in plenty for me always. Ye're right, by gum! They knowed I'd stan' it even if I was beat, but I wasn't

"I fought like Tunns twice—the first time a draw, but the second I worried him. I fought Joe Wilson three times in all. He it was struck me first about the three ha'p'orth o' oysters, an' there was bad blood etween us till it was settled. The first time the officers stopped it; the next time it was a draw, after an hour an' three quarters, but the last time I beat him "There's a story in that fight, an' it was

my last one. You see I was married then -I was 24 years old-an' our baby was in the cradle, Well, I knew my wife wouldn't hear o' my fightin' then, but when my old backer come to me an' says, 'They're willin' to put up two pounds to one agin' ye Davy, an' the man's Joe Wilson,' I could not help thinkin' of it. So I agreed to go in the ring agin, for there was £100 up agi'n the fifty my backer had, an' he said half the winnin' should be for me. Fifty pound was a deal o money in those days; it would buy a home for a poor man.

"Well, I went to trainin', an' every night black my face when I went home to make my wife think I was still workin' in the mine. When the day come I says to her the night before: 'I must be up early in the mornin'. There's a hard job before me, out I've got to do it.' So I got up afore day almost an' away to the ring.

'Well, we were at it two hours an' twen ty minutes, an' when it was over of course was marked up some. But when I went home my wife says, 'You've been fightin' ou're wrong,' says I; 'I've been hurt in the mine.' But she knew better, an' she picked up the baby out o' the cradle, an' at the door she says, 'I'll beg my bread from door to door before I'll live with a fighter, and then off to her mother, NEARLY LOSES HIS WIFE.

"I had the £50 in my hand I had won, an" I threw it on the table and sat down. The ney was all right, but warn't worth a wife and baby. But soon here comes my wife's mother. 'My daughter's left ye says she. 'Well, ye can keep your daugh ter, says I. 'No child o' mine shall ever live with a fighter,' says she. 'All right, says I, 'ye can take the furniture an' I am off.' An' I got up an' made a great show o sweepin' the £50, all in gold, off the table into my pocket. Then the old woman began to soften. I knew she would. Ye're right, by gum! 'Don't go,' says she; 'the girl will forgive ye.'

'I don't want no forgiveness,' says I But she runs away home an' soon my wife comes an' takes hold o' me. 'I want ye to stay, Davy,' says she, but I wouldn't show how I liked to hear her say it. I purtended to pull away, but I wasn't pullin' at all. 'Don't go, Davy,' says she, holdin' me back. Then, says I, 'Well, if ye'll say no more about it I'll stay. But ye must kiss me first, an' then I'll promise never to fight for money agin.' An' she done it,

and I kept my word. "I never would go in a ring after that, and that were forty-three years ago. But I take my own part. I'm no fighter now, I'm too old. My wind's gone an' I'm no good. But I could fight once. Ye're right, by gum!"-Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

First Small Damsel-I guess my ma's richer'n yourn. She's got a diamond in Second Small Damsel-That's nothin'. 1 guess my pa's got a big earbuncle on bot

sides of his neck .-Pittsburg Bulletin. Bunting for a Home. Mrs. Homeseeker-These apartments are charming, and the price is certainly reasonable. Are you sure there are no nui-sances connected with the building?

Honest Agent-Well, mum, it has a jan-itor.-New York Weekly. A L-g F-t W-t! Bjinks-I've just invented an ink bottle which will make my fortune. Bjones-What kind is it!

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Elegy Mongers. One of the items of expenditure which became fashionable after the Restoration was the payment of rhymsters to write funeral elegies. Quite a host of poetasters traded on this fashion, and the specimens which Mr. Majdment collected of their effusions show that the majority would have been dear at any price. Neither in veracity nor in literary quality do these Scottish elegale writers seem to have been better than he who wrote ti famous epitaph of the lady who was "bland, pass

ate and deeply religious; she painted in water colors, and sent several pictures t the Dublin exhibition; she was first consin to Lady Jones, and of such is the kingdom of heaven"-an epitaph which is even exceeded by an obituary notice of a Miss Wal bace. Of this lady it was recorded that "Her conduct was beyond all praise. She engaged in ornamental working on glass, confided greatly in others, and died in squalid penury." As for the funeral poets, a casual perusal of Mr. Maidment's collection leaves the impression that if, as he says, the poetaster was a person as necessary as the undertaker, one would rather remain un-buried than be so atrociously sung.—Scot-

Good and Bad Effects of Sea Air.

The conversation in a little gathering up town on a recent evening passed to the effect of sea air on various things, including, of course, tobacco. One man told the rather curious fact that ale is often sent from England on a sea voyage to India and back, and its flavor much improved there-Another man remarked:
"A person who has always lived in this

country doesn't know what good tea really is. No matter how tightly boxes of ten are closed before being shipped here from China, the sea air slways manages to get at the leaf and causes its flavor to deterior ate materially. Any one who has drunk tea in Russia which has been transported overland appreciates the damage done by the sea air. In England, also, tea that comes from China over Europe and has to undergo only a brief sea voyage is prized much more highly than that which makes the entire journey in a ship."-New York

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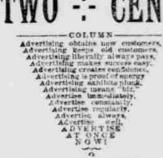
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Settled at Last. Mr. Hayforke (reading The Weekly Welcome)-A Second Adventist out west prove conclusively by the Bible that the world

will come to an end on the 23d of next Mrs. Hayforke (dropping her knitting)— Land sakes! Then what's the use o' me finishin' these stockings? Maybe it won't even be cold by that time. Iky, look in The Farmer's Almanac an' see what the

eather is goin' to be. Iky (after a moment)-It's goin' to be noderate, mother, moderate an' fair. Mrs. Hayforke—Does the almanac atop

Iky-No; it goes right on to the end o' Mrs. Hayforke-Don't it say anything

about th' world comin' to an end? Iky-Not a word. Mrs. Hayforke (resuming her knitting)-The Bible is wrong.-Good News.

Household Health,

Bright, cheery bedrooms, clean bath-rooms and airy, well lighted kitchens mean a large measure of household health, and do more than most people realize in promoting mutual and spiritual as well as bedily growth and strength. In city bouses the bathroom is one of the most important points to be guarded. It is absolutely imexible to keep the air of a dark, unvenillated bathroom pure and sweet, and such a room which can receive fresh air only through the halls of the house is an our rage against all laws of health and de-

The first requisite of a bathroom and its accompanying water closet is absolute cleanliness, and one should look long and carefully before selecting a residence where dweller is in his own house or is a permament tenant he will find that he can easily embellish use with the grace of art and so make the room what every necessary room in a house should be an attractive, well appointed place.—Martha Howe Davidson in Chicago News.

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